

# OUR CEMETERY

Vivian Richardson

*West  
Jordan*

'Tis sad to see, as years go by,  
The same old desert waste  
Our Cemetery long has been.  
It's neglect we all must face.

The hills and hollows rough with clods  
And cheat grass spread around.  
The headstones mark so many graves  
Still others can't be found.

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The tea-plant spread o'er soil of clay  
And tumbleweeds galore,  
Roll hither-thither in the wind  
Upon a dusty floor.

We cannot help but note the change  
That, now, has taken place  
With shrubs and pine trees here and there  
That lawns and flowers grace.

With rock-lined ditches, water filled,  
That babble with a song,  
Make rest, content, in silence spent  
For all the Heavenly Throng.

